



**WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS
BY
PETE BERTINO**

**THIS STORY IS COPYRIGHT PROTECTED 2/24/2022 PETER JAMES BERTINO AUTHOR;
AND MAY NOT BE REPRODUCED WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM THE AUTHOR.**

DEDICATION: TO MOMS EVERYWHERE

1 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

The large back windshield of the Crown Vic he drove exploded from the gun fire showering him in glass. Johnny Boy The Loser held the steering wheel in a death grip. Less than a half hour earlier he was waking up from a dope nap in a house somewhere on Indiana avenue in North Philly.

He'd arrived on a sunny bright afternoon but awoke days later to an early autumn monsoon. It was the torrent of rain and the nearby wails of a baby that brought him out of his sleep. The house was without electricity, the floor of the room he laid in was lit red by a battery operated space heater sitting in a corner. In the sinister looking red light he saw a man laying shirtless and still on the floor just a few feet away.

Johnny Boy sat up and because of his gift knew the man was dead. He stood on jelly like legs and felt as if he'd run a marathon. He looked out passed the horrible red glare of light towards the doorway and saw a white fog rolling in low on the floor. It was dark but Johnny Boy The Loser knew it was an aura, he could see them no matter how high he was.

His hand found his chest and he could feel his heart pounding through his dirty fingers. The aura was almost a pure white and was coming from the baby. The fog pulsed and emitted sparks of bright neon green as the baby cried and wailed.

"The baby's a wizard." Johnny Boy whispered to the dead man on the floor.

Without thought he slowly followed the aura with timid steps. In another room he heard voices, one of them sounded agitated. He leaned through the door way and looked down a pitch black hall, at the end of the hall was a room that had lighting, where the large shadows of at least two people moved about.

"The fuck, I can get five easy for him. I just want a fair cut my man." said someone.

"Yo don't be commin up on me like we friends." said the agitated person.

"Fuck we could just take the kid and sell it on our own. The fuck would you do about it, pig?" asked a third voice.

Johnny Boy stood a dozen feet away and saw the aura coming from down the hall but it turned off into a dark room beside the one where the argument was happening. The men were talking loud and not in view of the doorway. All Johnny Boy could see was shadows cast on a brick wall.

2 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

He didn't think about what he was doing as he crept down the hall, knowing they'd be armed and that even if he did escape he'd never be able to come to this neighborhood again to score. It was easy to get out of the house though, he was on the front stoop with a baby in his arms that was probably a year old already.

The baby, wrapped in a yellow blanket adorned with little pictures of Felix the Cat and his magical bag of tricks, was quiet until they were on the front stoop and rain pattered its soft little head.

"What the fuck!" shouted a voice from back inside.

The street was deserted thanks to the rain, and was void of working street lights. Johnny Boy held the baby close to him as he ran down the steps into the darkened street and was stopped cold at the Crown Vic with its door open and the key in the ignition. In the back seat was a car seat for a baby that appeared to be broken.

Johnny Boy put the baby on the floor of the passenger side and went across the seat to start it up. He felt his heart take a giant leap when he saw the police radio on the dash. Without a second thought and glass raining down on him he drove. His head was filled with noise from the now shrieking baby, the static wailing of the police radio and the roar of rain and wind, all the racket left him disorientated.

He side swiped a trio of cars that had been stripped and abandoned long ago, the dark street lit up with sparks from the grazing of metal on metal. Another bullet whizzed by as Johnny Boy floored it and turned down 3rd street going south. He was unsure for only a second or two before he realized what he was doing.

He would have to take this baby to Gabrielle The Pink. She had attempted to raise Johnny Boy but he could never handle seeing the dead. He hadn't seen or spoken to her since he'd left years ago, a failed wizard so that day he crowned himself Johnny Boy The Loser. To take this baby to the police was what brought the baby here, and the foster system would destroy this special child.

As Johnny Boy turned off 3rd street another shot rang out which sent the baby into a another shrieking fit. Johnny drove off at seventy through a red light and nearly hit a large van. He cried out as he veered out of its way and went up on the sidewalk almost running over a young couple waiting for the bus on the corner. Miraculously he got the behemoth vehicle between a pair of parked cars and back onto the street without killing anybody.

With a free hand Johnny began pushing buttons on the irritatingly loud police radio and managed to turn off that but turn on the regular radio instead which was broadcasting a live speech from President

3 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

Carter. He turned that off as he heard another pop of gunfire and sirens. He floored it again turning down a tiny side street that was more of an alley.

“I can’t stay in this car.”

That guy was a cop and this was his ride, he had a spotlight on himself. Johnny Boy reached for the glove box and saw laying on a pile of papers was a pistol, he’d spent enough time on the streets to know it was loaded and how to use it. With a deep swallow he took the gun and held it in one hand and scooped the baby up in the other.

He knew this wasn’t the baby’s first ride but Johnny Boy knew this would be his last if he wanted to save this kid. He stepped out onto the street as a tiny red AMC Pacer pulled up to the stop sign. The driver was an older bespectacled man who could see what Johnny Boy held despite the falling rain but remained motionless and wide eyed with fright.

“Get out of the car!”

The man held up his hands but nodded. Johnny Boy moved the gun and shot at the ground making the driver yelp loudly.

“Get out of the fucking car now!” he said aiming directly at the driver.

He complied and didn’t so much get out of the car but roll out and crawl away for a few feet before running off. The baby was shrieking enough to make Johnny Boy cry himself. As they drove off he rummaged in his pants pocket for the last of his rose pollen, he would use it himself to sleep when the dead wouldn’t leave him alone.

It was a sleeping potion mixture from one of the other worlds, it was harmless to young and old alike and would put the baby in a deep slumber for a good five or six hours with the right dose. He placed the pollen on his finger tip and gave it to the baby who gagged at first but eventually ingested it and was asleep within minutes.

He found in the minuscule back seat a suitcase filled with clothes, Johnny boy grabbed it and made a cozy nest to place the baby in. If the child had been any older it would never have fit, and he was reluctant to close the lid. Once the nest was on the floor he drove down as many side streets as possible, and avoided Broad street altogether.

4 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

He was between 11th and 12th parallel to Germantown avenue and at a red light when he saw a cop car sitting at the corner. He sat looking forward and could see the aura of the cops flowing from the patrol car, it was blue tinged with red looking veins, that meant they were on alert. The light stayed red as he

sat with a beating heart while Bad Moon Rising came out of the speakers, Johnny Boy snapped off the radio and glimpsed a look at the cop car.

In it sat one uniformed cop who was looking back at him, the moment they made eye contact he flashed his lights and drove forward blocking his way forward. Johnny Boy put the car in reverse and floored it and as he looked back he saw he was about run over another uniformed cop, the drivers partner he presumed, who was sneaking up from behind. He tried not to run him over, but the car had piss poor alignment.

As well as being in a reversed position and his terror stricken mind still foggy from dope sleep caused him to accidentally drive directly into the unformed officer. Johnny Boy felt his stomach drop as the tire rolled over the cop. With his body bathed in sweat and his stomach doing the twist he continued driving in reverse as the other officer who was out of his car began firing his weapon.

The Pacer came flying out backwards onto 12th street almost fish tailing but Johnny Boy jerked the wheel slamming the car back down to street level. He was gasping for air as he barked out coughs while crying, he was a dead man for sure now. He drove down a few blocks looking for a side street when a patrol car in the opposite direction came speeding towards him with sirens blaring.

He didn't think and just drove where there was an opening and came to Broad street, he was heading for South Philly where Gabrielle The Pink lived. She was the mother to special children who were lost, she would teach him magic and how to control his gift, hopefully. As he came out on Broad street there was a wall of traffic in the south bound lane.

It was a red light but the patrol car was still close behind and as it turned onto Broad, Johnny Boy went onto the northbound lane careening the tiny car between a Septa bus and a garbage truck. He continued going south on the wrong lane sending the few cars braving the monsoon out of his way, the weather was slick and as he turned away from a slow moving Cadillac he hydroplaned across the street into the southbound lane and side swiped a car hard enough to shatter the widows on the Pacer.

“Fuck!” he cried out.

Cars began to stop with a few people stepping out, a block away red and blue lights and a whaling siren approached. Johnny Boy spit out a few curses and drove off again with a pair of patrol cars still a block away thanks to the traffic but once they left downtown, the lanes of Broad street opened up and

5 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

allowed them to catch up fast. As they closed the distance Johnny Boy got a flash, a vision of a road sign pointing left with a counter below it that you might see on a score board at a sporting event.

It was counting down from five. When the number was zero Johnny turned a hard left at the same moment one of the patrol cars attempted a pit maneuver. The cop car missed the Pacer by only inches and hydroplaned directly into a tall utility pole adorned with a transformer sending it down blocking the street and sending electrical sparks high into the air and knocking out power to random parts of the neighborhood.

Johnny Boy drove away and turned down a street that ran parallel to Broad called Juniper until he reached Snyder avenue and pulled into the parking lot of the high school across the street to collect himself. He lost the cops for the moment and thought about going on foot but carrying that baby looking like he did in this weather would get him caught. He'd have to hold on to the car until he got the baby to Gabrielle then run away from her again.

He found a paper and a tiny nub of pencil in the glove box and wrote a quick note to Gabrielle and put it in with the baby who was snoring peacefully. He kept the gun beside him and left the parking lot, as he did another siren started to blare out so he drove quickly across Broad on a green light but still almost ran over a group of teens.

“Fuckin faggot go back to Jersey!” shouted one as another threw something heavy at the car.

In the rear view he saw the cop car go by but it didn't turn after him, as he looked forward again another pulled out in front of him from a side street. Johnny Boy pulled left and drove on the side walk that was fortunately not the side people parked on. It was night and no one was on their front stoops, but he knew this neighborhood well enough to know many were at their front doors watching him drive down the sidewalk going almost eighty.

The patrol car followed on the black top but didn't jump the curb, keeping side by side with him. On the opposite side of them another side street sat open so Johnny Boy hit the brakes. The cop car continued forward for only a half second and reversed but Johnny Boy got behind him and made it up the side street. He was only a few blocks from Bancroft street and turned again before he found himself on a street besides a place called Saint Monica Bowling Lanes.

He turned up a block behind the bowling alley to a gated lot behind a grade school connected to the bowling alley. The gate was open and the corner where the school and the back wall of the bowling alley met was nothing but shadows so he drove into the dark corner. He could see her house a block away, he could see yellow light behind the white curtains of its front window.

6 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

His heart was suddenly filled with a home sickness so deep he thought he was going to puke. He swallowed air instead realizing then how much he must of hurt Gabrielle by leaving, and turning from Johnny Boy The Loser to Johnny Boy The Addict because it was too much responsibility to bare such talents. He'd done horrible things too since he'd left her, using his gift sometimes for dark desires.

He'd seen a weak pitiful aura hover around an old man years back when he was early into the habit. He saw the mans thoughts about the cash in his wallet as he wondered around lost looking for his car. Johnny Boy was broke and needed a fix, so he found a glass soda bottle near the gutter and smashed it over his head. He got enough stuff for three days from the old timers wallet, he didn't scream or shout he just kind of whimpered like a dog.

That was when he knew he could never go back to her, he wasn't sure if he'd killed that old man or that cop tonight but he killed himself long ago. He was Johnny Boy The Murderer regardless. He was a dead man walking, but he understood this was the way to redeem himself and he was ready to give up his life to do that. He put the pistol in the waste band of his pants and grabbed the suitcase.

Gabrielle The Pink sat in the living room of her home on a chocolate brown recliner. On her wall hung a Flat Screen TV that was currently on line showing a how to video via YouTube. Although it was 1977 she knew how to pirate a WiFi signal from the future thanks to her gift. It was dangerous as there could be somebody tracking her, though here in this time and place it was unlikely.

Her hair was long and blond and tied back in a neat braid. She was forty three but had lived for over a century, as she had stopped aging when she came to this world. There were potions to reverse such a thing, but she was of The Pink. A sacred wizard title, reserved for those that guide the lost children, she adored children and was unable to bare her own.

No potions to fix that unfortunately. But she could still be a mother and that filled her heart with immeasurable joy. She had built this house long ago and kept to herself which was necessary though difficult when she were raising a child. The last child she raised had left years ago, poor poor Johnny Boy.

Her heart still hurt from his leaving, she blamed herself for his failures and never him. The true sign of a devoted and loving mother. She sat quietly thinking of Johnny Boy when a loud series of pops too loud to be mistaken for fireworks rang out very close by, possibly on her street.

She got off the recliner and zipped up her pink hoody and looked through the front window but saw no one. She heard shouts and police lights reflecting off the windows of the houses across the street, her front steps and walkway were free from the torrent of rain thanks to a large red awning on her house.

7 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

She went to the door and through the short vestibule between that and the heavy front door leading outside.

She came out onto her steps and saw a police car a block away driving after another car. A few people were out but the rain kept most of them inside. It wasn't until she was about to go back inside when she

looked down and saw the suitcase. It sat on the bottom step partly open, she went down the steps with a hand to her chest when she saw the pure white aura rolling out of the case.

"Oh my goodness." she said lifting the lid and seeing the baby.

She quickly took the child out after a quick glance to make sure she was unobserved by neighbors who had awnings and were still lingering outside hoping the police chase would swing back around. The child was a year or so and healthy, she saw on the baby's lips was residue from green rose pollen.

Once inside she unwrapped the baby from its blanket and found a note, she felt her heart leap with joy when she saw Johnny Boy's signature. But the joy turned to dread when she realized why the cops happened to be chasing somebody on her street. Tears fell from her eyes as she quietly changed the baby's diaper.

She always had plenty of supplies for baby's and children both boy and girl. There was always plenty of food and soft pillows in a big bed for them to sleep on. She read the note once the baby, a boy, was powdered and in a clean diaper and placed in a crib she kept in her bedroom. He started the note with her name, but had scribbled that out and wrote mom instead.

'Mom,

this kid's got the gift. I killed a cop tonight I think and I could see his aura, it was dirty. He was trying to sell the baby and I... I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't try harder, I love you.

Johnny Boy The Redeemed'

Gabrielle turned off the lights as tears continued to fall like the rain outside. She went to her bed room and checked on the baby who was still snoozing away and feeling the death of her son hit her as she crawled into bed and cried herself to sleep. Her pain was fresh but when she awoke to the hungry cries of the baby boy she felt her heart lift up again with joy.

"Don't worry little one, you'll never go without again under this roof."

8 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

She named him Felix since he came wrapped in a blanket bearing the cartoon feline, it seemed silly but the name rang certain and true to her heart and mind and she named him so. She raised him and home schooled him as she always had with her children. His memory was photographic and he devoured all that he read and absorbed whatever his mother had to teach him.

He had the gift for certain, he was three when he mentioned seeing colors floating around his mother and on the people he'd see when they were out in the neighborhood. That was when they began

practicing thought sharing. She'd hold his hand and think of a number and he would guess, correctly. Each lesson she'd step further and further away but he'd guess the number almost immediately if she were in the same room with him.

Before long they could have whole conversations without ever speaking. When he was seven she showed him something in the basement, which was a room he was already familiar with. It had totes upon totes stacked high with a variety of electronic gadgets such as mp3 players, video games consoles, cell phones of the smart and flip variety and a plethora of tools.

Felix had been given an iPad that was loaded books about history, math and science as well as something called The Techno Cook Book a manual on how to repair electronic devices and even modify them, not just from this world but other worlds too.

"You see that door?" she asked him one afternoon.

It looked to Felix like the door to the bathroom or the linen closet in the hallway, cheap thin and unremarkable.

"What's so special about it?" Felix asked looking up at his mother.

"It will take you anyplace with a door in the neighborhood."

Felix walked up to the door and quickly opened it but only the basement wall lay behind it.

"Uh, I think the doors broke."

"You can't just open it, you have to think of a place to go. Picture it in your mind."

9 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

Felix closed the door and shut his eyes tight but after a moment opened them up.

“I don’t know what to think of, mommy.”

“Well where is someplace you like going?”

“Marconi park, but there aren’t any doors at the park. Oh I know where to go! Right across the street from the park, Pops Water Ice. There’s that red door next to the window where they serve the water ice.” he said excitedly.

“OK, if you can get the door to open there the gelato’s are on me.”

He did it on his first try, the door opened easily and they stepped out onto Oregon avenue on the other side. A few people stood in line but saw nothing odd, just a woman and child coming outside. As the door closed behind them it suddenly opened again, a middle age man carrying garbage bags came out.

“Hey lady stay out of there, employees only.” he said gruffly.

“Sorry my son and I were looking for a bathroom.” she said.

The man saw a conspiratorial wink and laugh between the lady and her punk kid and just told them to beat it.

“Can we take the door back?” Felix asked.

“No the door is one way and we don’t won’t to upset that man again.”

“Is the door another secret, like magic and auras.”

“Yes. You remember how I told you about the other worlds? Well some are dangerous, there are worlds where people like wizards and witches are imprisoned or killed for being born that way.”

“Why do they hunt us, mommy?”

10 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

“It’s difficult to explain. Some people are bad and they want to hurt people who are good, or maybe make them bad like they are.”

“But why would somebody want to make somebody else bad?” Felix asked.

Gabrielle thought for moment.

“I’m not sure, so they won’t feel so lonely maybe.”

It was only a guess, but it hit Felix deeply as he suddenly grabbed her in a tight bear hug.

“I’m afraid.”

“Of what, honey?” she said kneeling down so she could hug him back.

“What is something happens and a bad person tries to steal me like when I was a baby.”

“Felix, I’ll never let anyone steal you or hurt you.” she said trying not to think of Johnny Boy.

She would just make sure he’d be prepared, just in case. She seen some glimpses of the worlds future, dark times were coming. The people of this world did not worry or give thoughts to wizards here. Or she hoped.

She taught him the basics of proper wizardry, as his gift grew in strength he learned to track a WiFi signal and indulged in YouTube how to videos. Gabrielle told him a wizard never stops leveling up, something he always remembered since they both enjoyed gaming. He was playing with a PlayStation 2 before the Super Nintendo had even been released which he had as well.

“How did you get all these things, mommy?” he asked her when he was ten years old.

“Well my love there are doors that are magic like the one in our basement, but are more powerful and are a way station, where you can travel far in time and place. Someone brought me these things long ago as much as they could, they are not easy to open.”

11 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

“Can I see the way station?”

“I don’t know where one is.”

“Why don’t you know mommy?”

“Well they can be used by people for the wrong reasons, they are only used as a last resort. Plus you must be strong in your gifts to use a way station and not get lost.”

“Do you think I’ll ever be strong enough to use one?”

“Well someone would have to be strong in all the ways of their gift.”

“All the ways?”

“Yes, not everyones gift is the same. Have you ever seen people that weren’t there?”

“No, wh-why?” he asked looking half afraid and half confused.

She felt like she’d opened a can of worms, but ignoring this didn’t feel wise. She held off on discussing it with Johnny Boy until he was older but perhaps that was a mistake. So she told him.

“Some times people with our gift, they can see...”

“Monsters?” he asked wide eyed.

“No, honey. People that have died, ghosts.”

“Oh, I don’t think I’ve seen ghosts mommy. I’d would told you if I saw something weird.” he said.

Gabrielle nodded, usually by his age if he hadn’t seen them he probably never would.

12 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

“Are there monsters?” Felix asked her suddenly.

“Yes, my love. But they are far from here.”

On a morning not long after, with use of The Techno Cook Book and a over abundance of nano micro fiber and other military grade electronics from the 2030's and 2040's Felix made a wizards staff. It was five and a half feet long and made of iron wood. At its top the staff ended in a fist sized hollowed out oblong sphere made of black marble with a crystal the size of a dime on its top.

Inlaid on the staff were a trio of buttons that were black and indiscernible from the staff and could be used to do a multitude of things with a certain combination of button presses. The nano micro fiber was wrapped over the staff and was able to manipulate the matter in the wood of his staff which would allow him to shorten or lengthen it or make it as flexible as a whip.

He was proud of his build and only wished he could have had a friend to show it off to, but he knew his mommy told the truth when she said there could be bad people that would hurt him for his gift. Or steal him even, he realized. As he sat on the front steps of his home one summer morning, he felt sad and lonely for the first time ever.

Gabrielle saw her son sitting in the shade of the awning looking glumly at the gum ridden sidewalk. She could see his aura and felt her heart twitch sadly as she came out and sat beside him. He smiled as her arm went around him but it turned back to a frown after a moment.

“I wish I could have friends.” he said leaning against her.

“I'm sorry honey.”

“I know mommy, I understand.”

It hurt her heart to see he really did understand, that he was too special to be around other kids. She felt her heart ache at how mature he was for someone who wasn't even eleven yet. She pulled him close to her and held him as she looked over his head towards the corner where Porter street crossed with Bancroft.

There next to the stop sign on the corner was a trio of metal bowls that were surrounded by ten or twelve cats, most still kittens. A majority of them were short haired tuxedo cats, there was also a pair of

13 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

black and orange cats trying to push their way to a bowl filled with food. Gabrielle saw the cats had the signature cut on their ear flaps of having been neutered and received their shots. She had an idea.

“Look over there, Felix.” she said pointing.

Felix looked to where her finger showed and his frown evaporated.

“If you can call one over with you’re mind, you can keep it.”

“Really?” he said with eyes so bright they sparkled.

“Yes, I know it’s not the same as a...”

“It’s OK, mommy.” he said looking sad again for a moment.

“Go ahead before someone scares them away.”

He stood up and looked at the cats who were still docile and not people scared yet. Cats were a disciplined animal and would not definitely respond to calls of this nature, Gabrielle knew from her own experience. Still she hoped and took Felix’s hand to help give him a little psychic boost.

He closed his eyes and in his mind he thought as loud as he could: ‘psst psst here kitty!’ His eyes were closed but he knew the cats didn’t hear him. He took a quick glimpse of them and felt his mommy’s hand squeeze his own as he closed his eyes and focused on the one cat that caught his eye. It had a brown tail that was twitching with each bite it took from the pile of food.

He heard his mommy gasped slightly and he opened his eyes. The brown haired cat head popped its head from the bowl looking right at Felix. He closed his eyes again and thought loud and clear: ‘here kitty kitty, psst psst psst’ When he opened his eyes again the brown cat was walking over and meowing.

When he put his hand out the cat came running over to get petted. The cat was young maybe only a few months out of its kitten-hood, his clean brown fur had tiny white spots through out. He purred as Felix picked him up and sat him on his lap.

“What are you going to call him?”

14 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

“We’ll call him Pretzel. He’s brown like one and his spots are tiny like salt.”

“Well then welcome to the family, Pretzel.”

“Don’t witches usually have cats?” asked Felix.

“Anybody can own a cat, Felix.”

“Oh, well what about a hat? Can a wizard have a hat?”

“You’re a wizard with a staff and a cat, is that not enough for you my love?” she asked humorously.

“I want a hat like the wizards in The Hobbit and Harry Potter.”

“My dear I have many things but a magical hat I don’t have.”

“Oh well what about an ordinary hat? Something cool to wear?”

She went into a closet in her bedroom and found a hat box sitting on a high shelf. She took it out opened the box and inside was a black bowler hat, she took it out and placed on his head where it sunk a little below his eyes.

“You’ll have to grow into it some yet.” she said tipping it back on his head and giving him a kiss on the tip of his nose.

“All I need now is my wizard’s name.”

“Felix The Inquisitor, or how about Felix The Peanut Butter With Pickles Sandwich Eater?” she teased.

“Hey that’s my favorite meal, I guess that is a little strange though.”

“Nothing wrong with being strange my love, we’re wizards.”

15 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

“I’ll be Felix The Strange then!”

“Felix The Strange, the destroyer of evil!”

“And protector of cats.” he said holding up Pretzel who nuzzled Felix’s cheek.

He hugged Pretzel and felt a sudden urge to ask his mother another question.

“Why am I here, mommy?”

“Because this is your home, silly.”

“No, I mean why am I wizard.”

“I don’t know honey. We don’t get to choose who we are born to be, but we must always act with a good heart.”

“But what’s a wizard supposed to do?”

“They’re supposed to help people, to share knowledge and truth with the world. A wizard is gifted and if you have a good heart and a vast education, a proper wizard shares his knowledge. Education is more precious than gold, and a wealth that should always be shared out.”

Time passed, Felix grew older and loneliness was always there despite Pretzel and his mother. When he was a teenager he began taking solitary walks in the neighborhood and felt himself always walking by a doctors office on Broad street that had a bench right in front of the office. Sometimes there were nurses sitting with elderly patients waiting for a ride.

They were usually about his age and were very pretty, making him wish adulthood and maturity would hurry up. Felix felt himself being drawn into the greater world, he knew that he was nearly an adult and that he’d have to leave home and make one of his own. Gabrielle knew her son would be leaving at some point sooner rather than later, she’d done it with others but Felix had been with her the longest. She would sometimes look for a vision about what that day might be like but her it was always blurry.

16 WIZARDS, SWORDS, AND HOVERBOARDS

It could be that it would be a sad day and her gift made it hard to dive into a such a sad day for her. That could be it, but if so why couldn't she part the fog in her minds eye? The night before she'd tried as hard as she could to look until she exhausted her mind enough to pass out, she dreamed of black fog banks suffocating her all night.

Before sunrise she dreamed of herself building a wall out of Lego's with Felix though he's a little boy again in the dream. The walls they were building kept falling over, each time the wall fell the amount of Lego's seemed to double then triple until the room is over flowing with the multicolored plastic bricks, until they it waist deep on her. But Felix was still a tiny child and they were up to his neck.

"Mommy." Felix cried as he began to sink.

She awoke and cried for a moment before getting out of bed, she went to the basement boor which was ajar and heard Felix muttering to himself as he worked on some project. She was in the kitchen about to make some coffee when a feeling covered her like a cold wet blanket. She had the sensation she was a little girl again back in the Victorian Age.

She had been swimming in a lake out by her grandfathers farm and had gone too far out and nearly drowned in her panic when she realized her mistake. After her head fell below the still water and she felt nothing below her feet she broke the surface and screamed loud enough to break glass, she was pulled out of the black waters by her eldest brother only a moment later. Her childs body was covered from head to toe in goose bumps and icy cold fear, she was feeling that way again.

In her mind she heard voices and slowly walked over to the window in the living room, with each step the words in her head grew louder. Bancroft street was empty at first glance, as she looked between the parted white curtains and saw a large blue Crown Vic sitting directly across from her house. Behind the car was a house with a window like her own with curtains, between the curtains a pair of red dots flashed across her eyes.

Before she could blink the glass of the window shattered as a black cylinder with white smoke pouring out the top flew over her head. Then what felt like a double punch hit her in the chest as a siren wailed then a team of men in tactical gear approached came to the front door with battering ram in tow. Gabrielle ignored the fire in her stomach and the growing cloud of tear gas and ran to the basement and pulled on a metal cord bringing down a rolling door of steel siding you might see on a store front after it's closed.

This was made to cover the basement door and would give them time but minutes only. Felix was at the steps as the door was locked, his mother came down the steps and collapsed into his arms. He carefully laid her down while Pretzel meowed in long sad wails. Her face was white and she was struggling to breathe.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

